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A Live Wire

PRICE 15 CENTS

APRIL 20, 1922

© LIFE

MICHELIN CORDS



Michelin Cord Tire
on Michelin Wheel

YOU use Michelin Ring Shaped
Tubes and know they are best.
Why not use Michelin Cords?
They are just as good.

A Social Service Worker's Lament

I WAS a social worker
With my mind upon reports,
I worked from early morn to dewy eve,
I saved the poor from starving,
I closed the dance resorts,
I led a busy life, you may believe.

I superintended clinics
For the halt, the lame and blind,
I weighed and measured children by
the score;
I pinched them and I poked them
But they never seemed to mind,
And always came back patiently for
more.

I worked along contentedly
With other folks' affairs,
I changed the social service with the
style,
Until quite unexpectedly
And wholly unawares
A doctor came who had the nicest
smile.

He opened up a clinic
For the broken hearts of all,
Oh, I became his patient on the spot!
He said my heart was hardened,
That it wasn't broke at all!
And that was all the sympathy I got.

And now he goes on probing hearts,
Entirely unawares
Of mine—his worst heart case's little
moan,
And I—I go on minding
All the other folks' affairs,
And hoping that some day I'll have my
own!

Mabel Cleland Ludlum.

HEALTH and ENERGY

Are you fit—vibrant
with health and
energy—smooth-
skinned and clear
eyed? If not, you
should investigate
Renulife Violet
Ray.

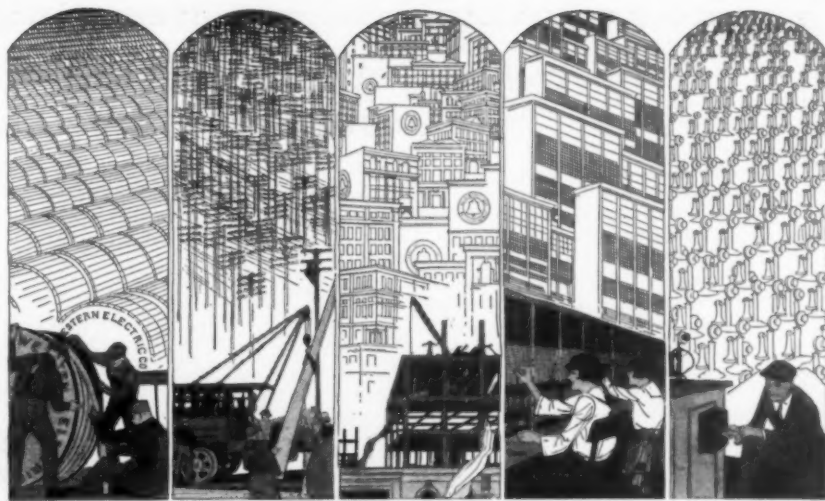
By eliminating
the ills of the
body and build-
ing up new strength
and vitality it leaves
you as good as new
with a clear skin,
glowing cheeks
and a pro-
perly func-
tioning body.

Renulife Violet Ray can be used right in your
home in connection with ordinary electric
light current. It purifies the blood and successfully
treats rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, bronchial trou-
bles, nervousness and many other ailments. The treat-
ments are mild and pleasant with absolutely no sense
of shock or pain. Treatments can be given the young-
est child or most feeble invalid with perfect results.
Don't give up hope—write for Renulife Violet Ray
information—use the coupon.

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In Canada: Pitt St., E. Windsor, Ont.
Gentlemen: Please send me full in-
formation on Renulife Violet
Ray and your free book.

Name _____
Address _____



UNDERGROUND LINES AERIAL LINES BUILDINGS SWITCHBOARDS TELEPHONES

Breaking Construction Records

Since 1920, faced with the greatest demand for service in telephone history, the Bell System has surpassed all previous records for the installation of new telephone equipment. In the last two years more than 1,000,000 additional stations have been added to the system by construction. This is equal to the entire number of telephones in Great Britain.

In 1921 alone, 450,000 new poles were placed—enough to make a telephone line from New York to Hong Kong. The aerial wire put into service in the same year, 835,000 miles in all, is enough to string 60 wires on such a telephone line.

1,875,000 miles of wire, en-
closed in 1,500 miles of cable,

were added to underground and submarine lines in 1921. New underground duct totaling 11,000,000 feet was constructed, this representing approximately 300 miles of subway. 69 new central office buildings and important additions were completed or in progress, and new switchboards with a capacity of many thousands of connections were installed.

This equipment added to the Bell System, great though it is in volume and value, represents but a small part of the vast property which enables the telephone on your desk to give the service to which you are accustomed. And to meet the increasing demands for new service, the work of construction goes on.



"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service

The Dyspeptic's Family

"MOTHER, I'm going to marry Willie Smith," said the care-
less young thing, bursting into the
breakfast-room at the early hour of
eleven.

"Why, my dear child!" exploded her
robust and *en negligé* parent. "One
moment. You're going to do no such
thing. I don't mind not knowing
what he looks like, but I do mind know-
ing absolutely nothing whatever about
him— What do you know?"

"Oh, he's all right, Mother. I've in-

quired about his parents and ancestors,
his college and clubs, and his allow-
ance and salary."

"All of which, my dear, are of no
importance whatever," answered her
mother. "What I want to know is,
does he ever think or talk bran or yeast
or calories or vitamins?"

"Oh, Mother darling, how could I
possibly have overlooked that!" ex-
claimed the careless young thing as she
hurried away to telephone Willie.

D. H. B.

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because—of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.

(L. F. I.)

Signed

Address

City State



"AURORA"
\$3.50

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home.

It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add

taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$25—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as Artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

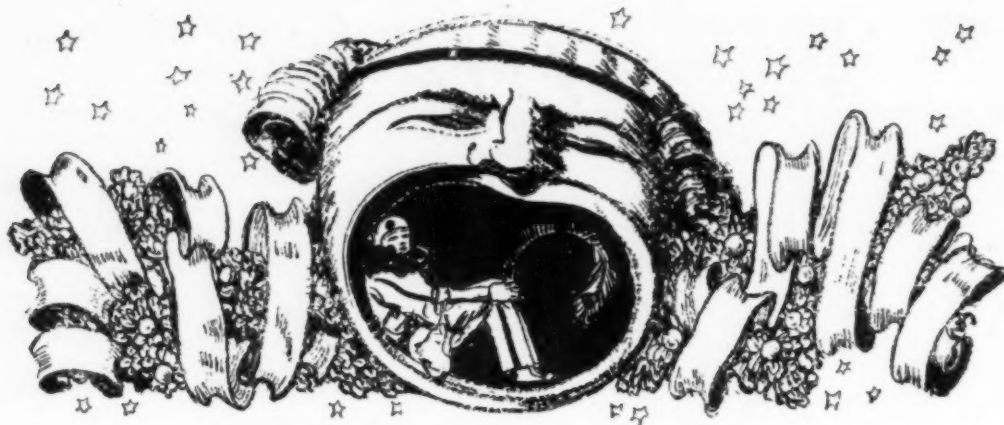
No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10 3/4 inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, all finished in rich statuary bronze; brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone outside and an old rose colored reflecting surface; shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of silk insulated cord; 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to **Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Life



Spring Flowers



BROADWAY BITTERS

Prayerful Prologue (Which Explains)

I'M an actress out of a job,
A good actress out of a job—
(Perhaps that's the reason)—but nevertheless
I'm a good, poor, young actress out of a job!
I'm too short for playing this part,
I'm too tall for looking at that,
I'm too dark, I'm too fair,
I'm too young, I'm too old,
I'm not English nor Russian
Nor flapper nor fowl
Nor moron of low grade
Nor half-breed with growl,—
Oh Lord, I'm an actress and out of a job,
American, healthy, with adequate brain—
You know for you made me, I needn't explain!
But, oh Lord, I am tired of footing it 'round,
So help me to show 'em! Help me to get "found"!
And these little "Bitters" I'll gladly lay by
As bits of the dust of a star in the sky.

But, oh Lord, for the present I'm out of a job,—
I'm an actress out of a job!



The Actor Soul

A CRYSTAL bead
That catches lights and colors unaware,
Holds them, possesses them,
And throws them back onto the air,
More rich, more mellow, and more fair.

Grease Paints (A Lament)

LITTLE lovely colors in a row,
Resigned and still against the lacquered black,
Carmine, blue, canary, weeping green—
Give me your tears; ah, freely let them flow.

Pungent scent of triumphs over-past,
Delicate, suggestive, lingering,
Where are the laughter and the tears we know,
Our nights of vision who are now out-cast?



Recompense

ONE hour below the great proscenium,
Wrapped in the seething silence of the house,
Playing and played on by the mingled minds,
To weep, laugh, dream in ecstasy of sound
And sense and motion, freeing little minds
To soar in vibrant, sensate, high delight—
Lost to the earth-bound portion of their kind,—
On Saturday that hour has payed me well!



Agency

ONE, two, three, four,
See how they all pour through the door,
Men first and ladies after,
Hiding care with careless laughter.

All the men have chamois gloves,
Canes and spats and buried loves,
All the ladies, stout or thinner,
Must face the night without a dinner.

Genève

The New Transmutation

THE Sepulcher Whiting Co., Inc., announces that it is now prepared to furnish a glistening, non-corrosive covering for all tawdry or repulsive exteriors.

Formerly this concern devoted itself exclusively to the production of a special whitewash for political purposes, but it has broadened its field in answer to widespread demands for its services. Addition of several departments has made its products available to new clients.

Baseball clubs have found the Landis Mixture, judicially applied, invaluable for laying the dust kicked up by scandal.

The Hays Coating, Cabinet Finish, is being used now by motion picture promoters to dull the gleaming gilding of certain cages.

For other special cases the Sepulcher Whiting Co. has prepared, after exhaustive research, coatings that must prove advantageous. Examples follow:

Gambling Dens	Puritan Veneer, Rhode Island Brand
Dance Halls	Billy Sunday Polish
Oil Wells	Wallingford Salve
Moonshine Dens	Anti-Saloon League Kalsomine
Sex Novels	Complex Compound, Freud Tint
Hearst Newspapers	Canary Coating Remover

In addition to the above, the Sepulcher Whiting Co. will be pleased to submit estimates for restoring fallen idols.

Ankle braces for clay feet in all sizes.

J. K. M.

Are Congressmen Intelligent

SOME day Mr. Edison will aim a Questionnaire at Congress itself.

If Congress, as usual, refuses to heed the warning, then let it beg, borrow and steal all the intelligence it can to defend itself against a Questionnaire like this:

1. The District of Ashdump has 300,000 votes divided equally among farmers, bootleggers, ex-soldiers, taxpayers, and Hearst readers. Map out a sure-win election campaign that will (a) cost you less than \$300,000, and (b) cost the country less than \$300,000,000.

2. Suppose Mr. Ford to run for President. Estimate the number of Ford Owners who will (a) turn out to elect him, (b) turn out to let you pass, (c) turn turtle.

3. Suppose Mr. Ford to be elected President, and the machinery of government to be run by Muscle Shoals water power. Calculate the net saving to (a) the taxpayer, (b) Mr. Ford.

4. If Bonus legislation should come to a dead stop, show how you can budget.

5. Without asking a publicity agent, calculate the scrapacity of the Irish Navy.

6. Suppose all the trains to Palm Beach to be pact. How would you put through a reservation?

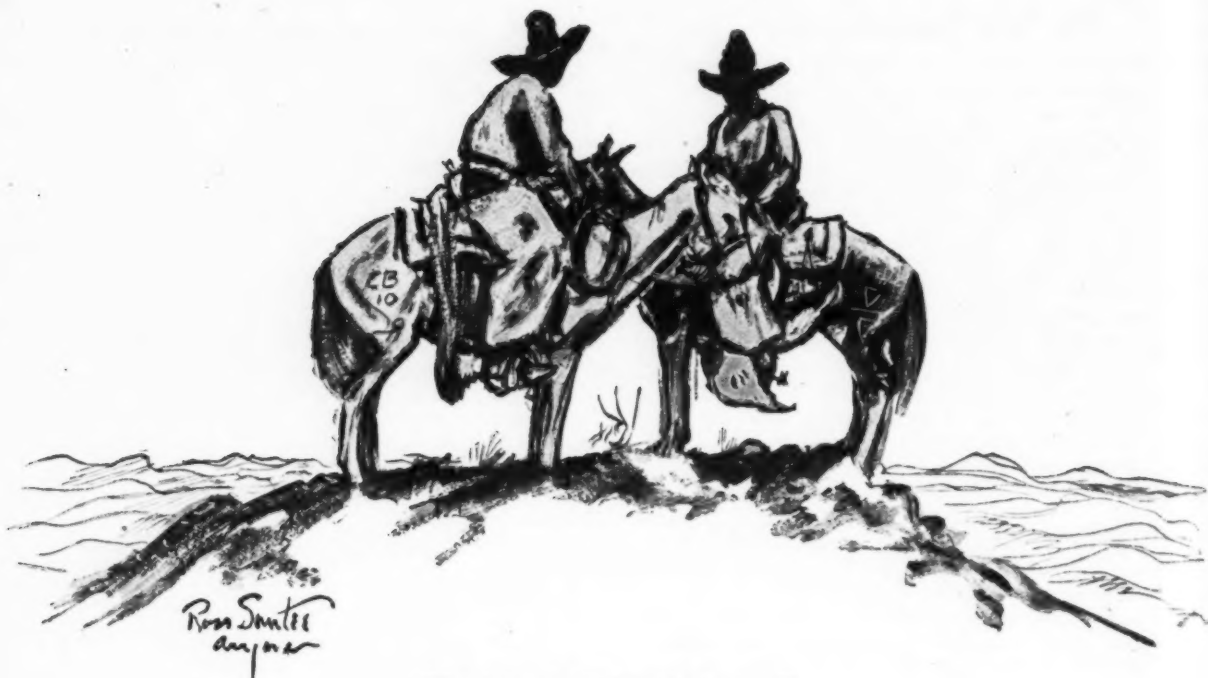
7. How many more blocs will Congress need to insure a complete blockade on all legislation? *Richard Buel.*



Conclusive Evidence

Visitor (at insane asylum): That man in the first cell looks intelligent. What makes you think he's crazy?

Warden: He lost money in the butcher business during the war.



"Was there any good movies in town?"
 "Naw—I'm fed up on these Western pictures."

The Mot

I AM no toddler, and the noise of the band seemed appalling, so I said to Patricia Follensbee, "Let us sit on the stairs and hold converse," which we did. We talked of many things and presently Watts came into the conversation. Watts had not lived in Blahfield very long. We all wondered why he ever conceived the idea of living in the suburbs, anyway. His disqualifications for country life were many and apparent, but the thing that projected him into our talk was his clothes. With Watts bad taste in dress had been raised to an art. He went with unerring instinct to all that was loud, expensive, incongruous and wrong. And so I said to her, "The man, my dear Mrs. Follensbee, is a sartorial moron." She threw her head back and laughed and cooed over my *mot*. Now I'm not a clever man, and so when she said, "Oh, that is good, sartorial moron!"—well, naturally, I felt a pleasant glow steal over me. Perhaps, after all, I was not so dull as Alice would have me. That night when I was in bed I rehearsed the scene. "Sartorial moron" certainly was *not* bad and Mrs. Follensbee was a most discerning woman. On the Friday follow-

ing we had the Starkweathers and the Prentices in for dinner. At one point the conversation lagged, and Starkweather remarked that he had ridden out on the 5:47 with Watts and that he (Watts) was wearing a fawn-colored velour hat with a green band. "The trouble with Watts is," I said,



He Who Gott Slapped

"that he is a sartorial moron." Mrs. Prentice muffed it, but the others (Alice, of course, excepted) rose beautifully and Mrs. Starkweather spoke of my bright way of putting things. Once more I felt the gentle glow. After that, where two or three were gathered together, I found myself introducing Watts into the conversation. So proficient did I become that I could turn a talk on an operation or Henry Ford or the Town Club into a discussion of Watts and his clothes; and then, by suddenly throwing the switch, snap! would come my little success. I had no idea how the thing had got hold of me. Alice had, though. As I look back I can see her pained face. Dear old Alice. She has been a good wife to me. Well, to go on. I was sitting, one spring day, on the verandah of the golf clubhouse talking to Mrs. Follensbee when Watts passed clad in a three-alarm outfit that would have put anybody off. Mrs. Follensbee sniggered and I leaned over toward her and said in a low voice, "Did you ever see anything like that? Solomon in all his glory. The man is a sartorial moron." Her smile died out and she looked at me quizzically. I wondered why the thing hadn't come

off. Perhaps she hadn't got it. She was a bright woman, though, was Mrs. Follensbee. I was sorry it had got past her, for she had a quick responsive mind that loved to juggle ideas. I would give her one more chance. She was waiting for her car when Watts came out to get into his yellow run-about with the purple disk wheels. Here was my opportunity. "Wouldn't you know it!" I said to her, pointing to his car. "The man is a —" Mrs. Follensbee looked me hard in the eyes and said, "The man is a sartorial moron." It all flashed back to me. My whole shameless past rose and engulfed me. What a fool—what a—a moron I had been!. "Never mind," she said sweetly, "It was good—once."

Rollin Kirby.

Foregone Conclusion

"I WAS in Washington last week and made a call on my old friend, the President."

"What office was he sorry he couldn't give you?"

New Yorkers

NEW YORKERS make me nervous: New Yorkers who talk about the "Great White Way" and wink knowingly; New Yorkers who have never been south of Washington Square; New Yorkers who think they are cosmopolitan; New Yorkers who get their hair cut, telephone Chicago, smoke three cigars and drink five cocktails in half an hour; New Yorkers who brag about their business shrewdness and are then bamboozled out of their final sou by some hick from Joplin, Mo.; New Yorkers who are always making jokes about New Jersey and Philadelphia; New Yorkers who have spent seven-eighths of their lives in Hohenschwangau and who speak an unintelligible tongue; New Yorkers who have spent seven-eighths of their lives in Wall Street and who talk like a stock ticker; New Yorkers who know every bootlegger north of Fourteenth Street; New Yorkers who dance nightly in Broadway restaurants; New Yorkers

who talk to the squirrels in Central Park; New Yorkers who look like Karl Marx; New Yorkers who talk about "little old New York."

In the Crowd

TIMID, constrained, she seems,
With vague, sad eyes—
Gray eyes, grown dim
With watching for lost dreams;
She moves amid the throng,
Detached, alone—
Perhaps she feels
The lilt of some old song
Throb in her barren breast . . .
Life was too swift!
It hurt—it bruised—
So much seems manifest.
More one may scarcely know,
And yet—and yet—
Here gods have passed . . .
Step softly as you go!

Ethel M. Pomeroy.



The Jazzberries

Life



Lines

ANSWER quickly without looking it up: Has Mexico been recognized or hasn't it?

San Francisco and environs, it is said, are evincing a new interest in Theda Bara's pictures. Westward the curse of vampire takes its way.

Under the new law a husband who is absent from his wife for five years will be presumed to be dead. Or, at the very least, annoyed about something.

At the rate the Irish were fighting when peace was declared it will take them four and a half years just to stop.

What was the name of that fellow who was going to be a different kind of Vice-President?

New York has 230,000 more people than it had a year ago; and the worst of it is most of them are standing ahead of us at the ticket office.

Ten per cent. of all girls in college get married before they finish their senior year. Putting the heart before the course.

"Europe is a powder mill," exclaims a famous editor. But so long as Sweden keeps furnishing those safety matches, Europe should worry.

Most of the bucketshops that failed had phantom officers and a ouija board of directors.

Science states there are 160,000 hairs on the average head. Certain Beau Brummells will spend their time parting their hair exactly 80,000-80,000.

The ultimate consumer is getting a better deal everywhere. Even the gypsies are telling fortunes with deuces wild.

King George's physician has been made a peer. He was formerly a doc.

As the taxpayer is beginning to suspect, there are no "cheaper cuts" in the Congressional Pork Barrel.

Senator Lodge suggests a New England bloc. A chance for somebody from Boston to spill the beans.

An Ontario man had a nail imbedded in his backbone for twenty-seven years. Probably drove it there putting up hooks in his wife's clothes closet.

As the Oranges are so confusing to everybody but local commuters, why not bunch them under the general delivery address of "Citrus Fruits, N. J."?

Lots of folks that laugh because it takes 5,000,000 rubles to buy a pair of shoes in Russia are saving cigar coupons over here to get a grand piano.

The Oriental habit of gesticulating with palms uppermost originally implied that the speaker had not taken a bribe. Will someone now explain the decline of rhetorical gesture in our state legislatures?

Pittsburgh is wearing its new spring soot.

According to Mr. J. B. Cabell all that we have of the ancient writers is inferior, accidental scraps made peerless by the destruction of their betters. So there's a chance after all for such stuff as "Jurgen."

Moonshine visibility test: One moon — pretty good; two moons—the real stuff; no moon—wood alcohol.

The new king of Egypt will doubtless carry out his time-honored function of keeping

the Sahara dry.

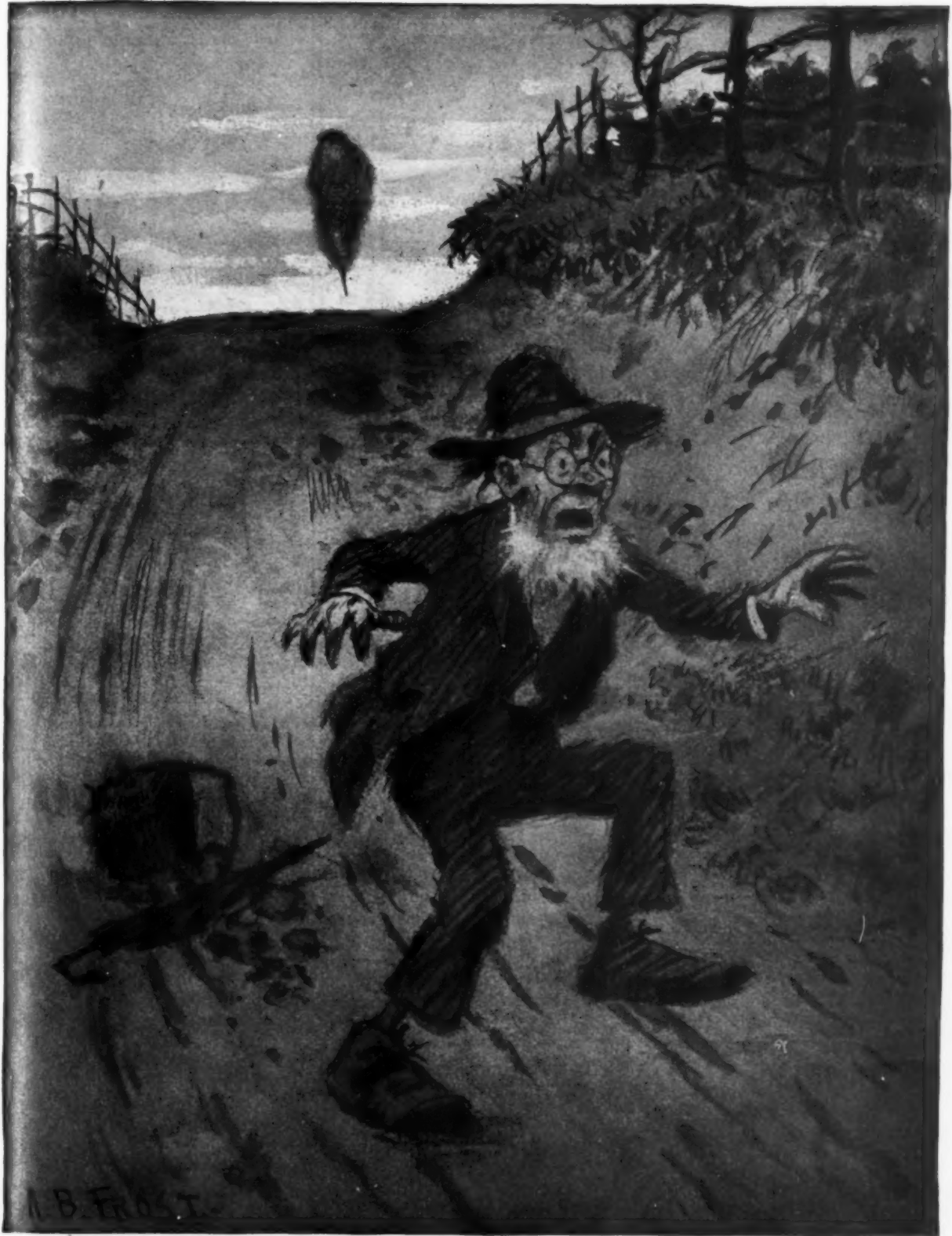
In spite of the fact that an appeal is being made to release 113 prisoners guilty of disloyalty during the war, there is no movement to raise a monument to the unknown conscientious objectors. Give us time.



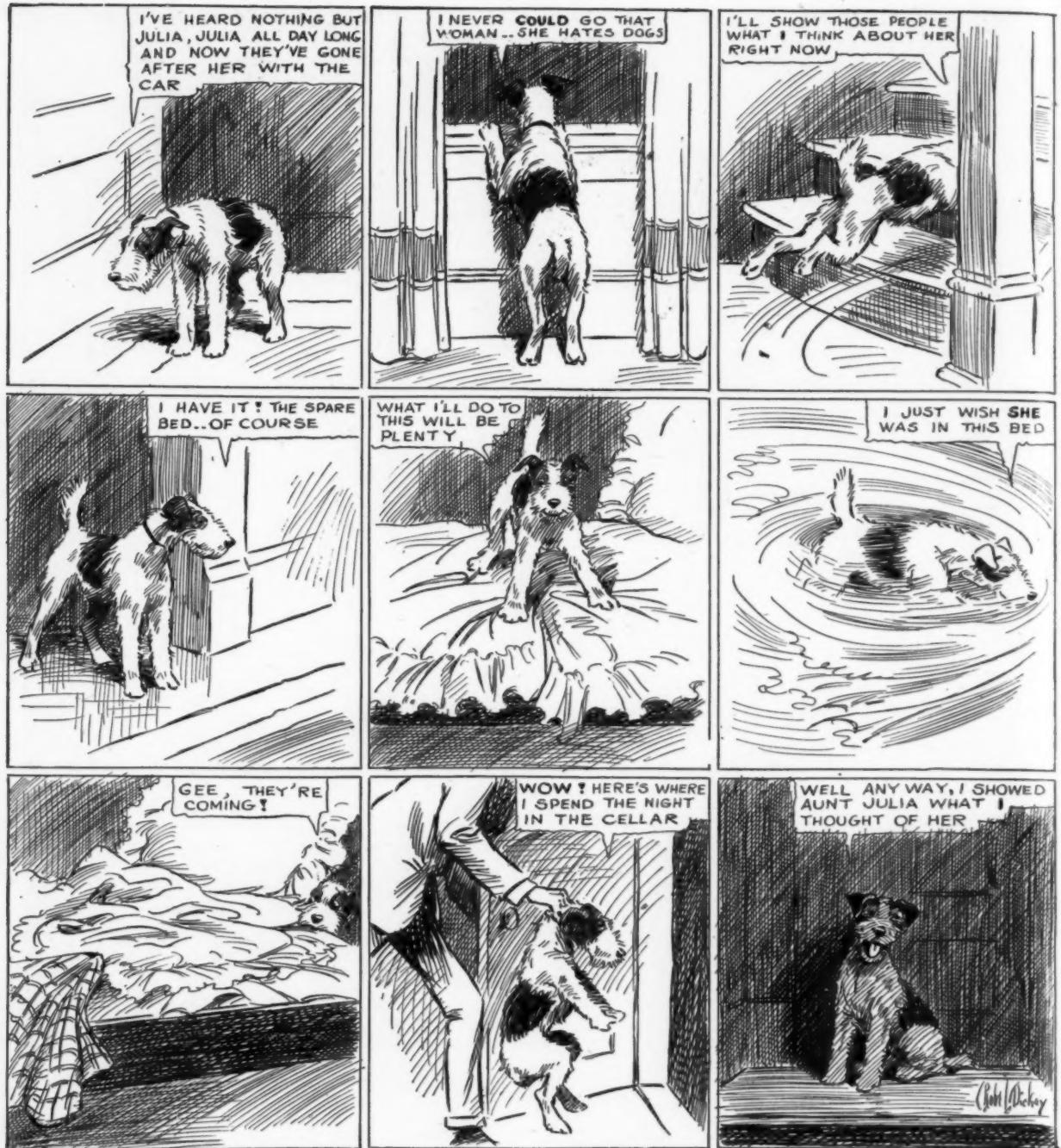
Suggestions for Raising the Money to Pay the Soldiers' Bonus

Prohibition having shown the way, now for the one-half-of-one-piece bathing suit.

It will probably be another week or two before the rotogravure sections will be able to get photographs of Princess Mary's first biscuits.



Pogo Makes Its First Appearance in Cranberry Center



It Was Worth the Price

They Can't Leave Us Alone!

ISN'T the recent attempt on the part of the Albany Senate to curb the stealing of motor cars a blow at freedom? Every purchaser is instructed to ascertain "by diligent inquiry" that the person selling the machine is the rightful owner. How shocking!

After the average householder has paid his rent (as-

suming he has a roof over his head) and grocery bills and his taxes and, in order to do this, has sold his car, about the only amusement left to him is to steal a new one. Considering the practical certainty that somebody else will probably steal it from him in a day or so, why deprive him of this innocent pleasure?



Spring

"Jes' the same, if I hed my life to live over I wouldn't be no farmer."

"What would you be?"

"A Rooshian bally-dancer."

The Ten Commandments of the New Police Patrol

1. EIGHTY Fords shall be used for patrol purposes. A different make may be substituted later if it can be shown that the latter are noisier and give the gunmen more of a sporting chance.

2. Officers driving flivvers shall stick to their assigned beats and not congest traffic by pursuing criminals out of their own precincts.

3. In view of the above, escaping criminals are expected to remain in the precinct in which they are at work and to leave under no circumstances without passports approved by the Police Department.

4. Patrol flivvers shall observe the routes and schedules prescribed for them by the Police Commissioner. Officers making arrests as a result of failure to observe this schedule will be liable to charges preferred against them by gunmen in good standing. Such

arrests shall be held to constitute prima facie evidence of dereliction of duty.

5. Officers in flivvers shall sound horn continuously when proceeding on rounds, in order that "the biggest and cleanest city in the world" may know that it is being protected.

6. Burglars, gunmen and others desiring copies of these schedules shall be furnished them on request. The Police Department has no secrets from anyone except that tool of the capitalistic interests, the subsidized press.

7. Patrol flivvers shall assemble promptly at six in the evening before proceeding on rounds, to greet the best Five-Cent Mayor the City Ever Had with appropriate flourishes and ruffles. The Mayor will permit no motors to idle on such occasions.

8. Any officers observing suspicious circumstances shall report same at conclusion of rounds to Commissioner In-

wrong, who will assign each its place on the calendar and investigate same as soon as feasible.

9. Under the head of "suspicious circumstances" shall be included:

Man holding up both hands as he examines pistol held by another.

Men (of any description) opening safes with acetylene torches.

Women smoking.

10. Remember that the practice of holding up the Common People of this city must be stopped. That's our privilege.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

In the Near Future

MOTHER: Children, here's a quarter. Go down to the saloon and get your ice-cream cone and soda water. And on your way back, stop in the drug store and bring your father home.

The Theatre of To-morrow

And To-morrow and To-morrow

Montague Glass

FIFTY years from now, all our public characters will have become historical and therefore meat for the dramatist. Let us accordingly take a peep into the future and open the pages of *The Best Plays of 1972-1973*, by Burns Mantle or any other anthologist upon whom the mantle of Mantle may have descended. At page 411 we shall find the following:

"JOHN F. HYLAN"

A drama in three acts by Harris Kidansky, Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin. Produced by R. H. Macy at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 7th, 1972.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John F. Hylan.....Barney Bernard
David Hirschfield.....Frank McIntyre
Grover Whalen.....Frederick Warde
Allan A. Ryan and Lionel Enright

Doyle & Dixon

Lola Lolita.....Stella Fleischkugel
Mrs. DePeyster.....Miriam Ryan
Grace Strachan Forsyth

Minnie Maddern Fiske

A Janitor.....Mr. Louis Mann

SYNOPSIS: *Act I—John Weatherby's Living Room and Studio, New York City. Act II—The same as Act I, Four Days Later. Act III—Lobby of the Grand Hotel. The Scenes are laid in a small New England Town.*

Mary Brennan, "reared in crookdom," tries "going straight" on a "shopgirl's" salary. Growing discouraged and disgusted, she quits her job and is lured back to the old life on the promise of her pals that "they will turn one more trick and quit." It happens that the secretary is a very attractive young woman and what really is the matter with Vivian is that he is desperately in love with her and doesn't know it. Finally, Pearl makes the great sacrifice by killing herself, and the puzzled youth realizes that it was Ruby he always loved. John F. Hylan is thereupon re-elected mayor.

The season of 1972-73 will have, of course, its counterpart of Nance Oldfield, David Garrick, Frederick Le-Maitre, Rosalind or Madame Sand. At page 393 it will appear as:

"CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG"

A Comedy drama in three acts by James J. James, Samuel Shipman

and Max Marcin, produced by the London, Liverpool & Globe Production Company at the Harris, Harris & Harris Theatre, New York, November 1st, 1972.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Clara Kimball Young....Beryl Mercer
Mary Miles Minter....Fannie Elenbogen
Mary Pickford.....Sarah Fischelmann
Mabel Normand.....Yetta Feinberg
Norma Talmadge....Blame Rabinowitz
Samuel Goldwyn.....Tim Murphy
Carl Laemmle.....Willard Mack
Marcus Loew.....Cyril Keightley
An Elevator Attendant

Mr. Louis Mann

SYNOPSIS: *Act I — The Towers, Market Mallory, England. Saturday afternoon. Act II—Henry Honeydew's New Home at Larchmont, the Same Evening. Act III—The Hasbrouck Apartment, New York, That Night at 11. The Action of the Play occurs in Glasgow in 1913. Staged by Ephraim Park and Max Tilford.*

In trying to conceal his losses at poker from his wife, Bill Trainor, a

California ranchman, becomes involved in complications which point to his having shot the man to whom he owes a gambling debt of considerable size and which he is trying to pay off. He stays and, being discovered by the husband, shoots him and buries the body in the cellar. Prosperity follows and everybody is happy until Stetson learns that the stockjobber is trying to wreck the company. Rather than let this happen, he begs the privilege of giving her the protection of his name and home. Young Bevans is finally forced to give up the claim, and all agree that there is much France can learn from America and much that Americans can acquire from the French. Clara Kimball Young is thereupon made their star by the Graphic Arts Film Corporation and all is forgiven.

It need not be supposed that the theater-goer of 1972-1973 is going to escape the musical comedy founded upon incidents in the life of a great musician. At page 377, Mr. Mantle will summarize:

(Continued on page 29)



The Bride: I'm in an awful mess here, Mother. I simply can't get my expense account to balance.

Mother: It's quite simple, my dear. Deduct the items you can remember from the amount you had to begin with and call the difference sundries.



What to Wear

What shall you wear to-day? A smile.
No, not a pout!—that looks too simple,—
Nor yet a frown,—that's out of style;
But Fashion still approves a dimple.

Then wear your smile and dimple; those
Demand no touch of art to flatter.
Frocks, feathers, frills and furbelows,
While often worn, don't really matter.
Arthur Guiterman.



APRIL 20, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 79, No. 2059

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THE other day when Mr. Edison thought that Professor Scott of the University of Wisconsin had been rude to him in a letter, he complained about it to Mr. Scott's employers, to wit, the Regents of the University of Wisconsin and the members of the University Board of Visitors.

Tut Tut! When did Mr. Edison become so sensitive? Apparently he sent Mr. Scott a questionnaire about proposed changes in the currency system of the country and Mr. Scott wrote him back that any good elementary text book would answer the most fundamental of his queries, and that his questions betrayed ignorance of the very elements of the subjects they touched. "I doubt very much," he added, "whether at your age and in what seems to be your present state of mind it would be worth any one's while to attempt to teach you those elements."

That was not so very rude. Our notion about saucy letters is that any letter that is printable will do. Mr. Scott made a real reply to Mr. Edison. Mr. Edison discovered what he thought. Surely that is the chief end of correspondence—or at least the chief end of questionnaires—to find out what the recipient thinks.

Mr. Edison has found out that Professor Scott thinks him ignorant of the rudiments of finance, and Mr. Scott has learned that Mr. Edison thinks him deficient in acquaintance with the rudiments of politeness. So both of these gentlemen have gained knowledge.

Mr. Edison and Henry Ford are two of the most interesting and important men in the country. Both of them give out a good deal of discourse on various subjects. What Mr. Edison knows about electricity is very much respected.

What Mr. Ford knows about motor cars and the way to build them is also very much respected. They are two extremely useful men, but when they talk on subjects in which they are not acknowledged specialists, it is always a question how far it is safe to go with them. How much Mr. Edison knows about education or finance is something not to be taken for granted. How much Mr. Ford knows about running railroads, making peace, and directing the course of human events in general, is also quite speculative. Mr. Ford's mind is a remarkable instrument—so is Mr. Edison's. One loves them both because they have so much vision—are such incorrigible optimists and innovators, but one does not want to go it blind after either of them, and as to both of them there is the same misgiving, that they are liable to hold forth on matters about which they don't know enough to base sound opinions on. They are wonderful men, but nobody ought to be scolded for saying of either of them that he knows less than he should. They are too important to be shielded from sound criticism; even when it is something less than civil.



FOR example, Henry Ford has put out the suggestion that the greatest factor in business is the consumer. "The manufacturer," he says, "who doesn't think first of the consumer is not a business man. He's a nut. Unless it is profitable for the consumer to trade with him, he can't hope to get a profit for himself, and unless he puts the price within reach of the largest possible number of consumers he doesn't expect his profits to be very great."

That may sound like a truism, but Henry's application of it would not be a truism. It would be original and dynamic. Nevertheless if any business man feels that this concern about consumers is misplaced, let him say so ruthlessly.

Of railroads, Henry says their rates are too high and the government will not let them be reduced. That is open to discussion, but one can easily agree with him when he asserts that railroads are for the sole purpose of transportation.

They can't raise crops. They can't manufacture shoes. They can't build houses. All a railroad can do is to move people and things from place to place. A railroad is successful only to the degree to which such service is efficiently and economically provided.

The railroads should be allowed to combine. They should be allowed to perfect every possible economy. There should be one railroad system throughout the United States managed by some one who understands this first principle of business—that the only way to make an institution pay is to make it serve.

That is an attractive suggestion, but there are obstacles to carrying it out. Some day it is likely to come to pass, but not until after people get over being scared at the thought of giving a vast amount of power to one manager. When intelligence and understanding have advanced sufficiently, that fear will doubtless disappear.



HERE is another thing Henry said about railroads:

The freight cars of to-day are absurdly heavy. We ought to have a much stronger steel car at about one-third the weight. The weight ought to be in the load, not in the car, and it would be if we were concentrating intelligently all along the line on the idea that the first business of a railroad is to serve the consumer.

Coming from him that is an interesting opinion, for he knows a good deal about vehicles for transportation. The belief of the railroad men generally has been that heavy cars, heavy locomotives, heavy rails and heavy roadbeds were agencies for the reduction of freight rates. That is not Henry Ford's belief.

He says a great deal of power is wasted, that we only get about six per cent. out of coal burned in locomotives to-day, and that electric power is far cheaper and more abundant and serviceable. The railroads will doubtless agree with a good deal of that, and are already substituting electricity for coal wherever they can. Such changes come gradually, but it does not require a great amount of imagination to foresee that great changes in railroading and all transportation lie ahead of us.



THE great obstacle to the bonus is the doubt that it is a just demand. About provision for the disabled there

is no question or hesitation in theory, though in practice not all is done even yet that should be done. There is willingness enough, too, to help out men not disabled who need help. The reluctance is to increase taxation, induce a new inflation, and impede business by showering money on a lot of men who don't need it and would not certainly be helped by it, and whose claim to it is by no means beyond dispute.

So the bonus problem is difficult. It can be helped by inducing a better opinion of the bonus-seeking service men among the objectors, and a better opinion of the average citizen among the service men. The service man is just the able-bodied average young citizen with some infusion of military training. In his virtues and his faults, his knowledge and his reasoning processes he is very much like the rest of us, and we are like him. We did not get so rich in the war as he supposes. We have never been so anxious about our own skins as he imagines. We are not so fond of money nor so averse to paying taxes as he thinks, we had more to do with winning the war than he dreams of, and we still think it a monumental job and want him to be satisfied with his share in it.



PERHAPS the purpose of the coal strike is to promote discussion. From any other point of view it seems foolish. An unusual amount of coal is mined and awaiting delivery to consumers, and summer is on the way to us so that the production of coal can stop for a while without obvious detriment except to the strikers.

Everybody seems to know that coal mining is not on a good footing; that the miners' job is intermittent; that the miners are subject to considerable periods of unemployment, and that some mines can afford to pay much higher wages than others. The whole subject of coal mining needs to be worked out as a whole, just as the subject of railroads needs to be worked out as a whole. Possibly the result of the strike will be an attempt so to work it out. If that happens, good may come of the strike, whereas if it only happens that the miners will win, or that the operators will win, with no material change in the general conditions of coal mining, that will be no gain at all.

E. S. M.



Isn't the Creditor Becoming Too Importunate?



Gamaliel in Lion
King Daugherty (worried): they e
Gamaliel: No touched



iel in Lions' Den
 rried): they eatin' yer, Gamaliel?
 diel: No, touched me!



Nothing Exciting

IN the midst of plays and books designed to show the low moral pressure of the flapper generation to-day, we find one at the Neighborhood Playhouse (provided you can first find the Neighborhood Playhouse) which depicts the younger set in open revolt against the loose living and general worthlessness of their elders. The play is called "The Green Ring" and is translated from—that's right—the Russian.

Instead of rolling up the rugs and shaking up some gin, as our boys and girls are said to do whenever Father leaves the room to look after the furnace, the young people in "The Green Ring" sit around in a circle and discuss pantheism, syndicalism, and how best to put up with their parents who are racing about in a state of stupidity and sin. The conclusion reached regarding the parents is that young people should be merciful to them and allow them just to wear themselves out in the natural course of their blindness.



THE moments when these youngsters are hitting it up on all four brain-cylinders, making Hegel while the sun shines, are the most telling in "The Green Ring," although the delicate work of Joanna Roos transforms many other scenes which might have been just ordinary stage-child scenes into passages of remarkable effectiveness. Miss Roos is alone in her class when it comes to making little girls' rôles bearable, and when she stops playing little girls' rôles she ought to do a lot toward making women's rôles bearable.



The rest of the play is made up of various manifestations of hysteria on the part of the neurotic parents. If Eugene Powers as the hyper-distracted father should take the same number of steps in a straight line as he takes walking back and forth in a highly unconvincing state of mental anguish, he would end up before the evening was over at the corner of Broadway and 190th St. It might not be a bad thing for the play if he were to do it some night, either. Pamela Gaythorne, on the other hand, has most of her tantrums lying down, and makes a very good job of it. If I were a dramatic critic, I would unquestionably call hers a "finished performance."

On the whole, "The Green Ring" is unusual enough to justify a trip to Grand Street provided you feel like put-

ting your thinking-cap on that little curly head of yours. Otherwise, Ed Wynn is just around the corner within easy walking distance from your hotel.



EAGER as this department is to see our Negro actors supplied with broader opportunities, we cannot do much endorsing for "Taboo," which Augustin Duncan started presenting at special matinées a week or so ago. Its chief merit was that it gave a large number of Negroes employment and also a chance to sing.

The idea seems to have been to create an uncanny and mystic atmosphere by the reproduction of some of the Voodoo rites which the American Negro held over for generations from the days when they were all the rage in Africa. At times, when the Negro members of the cast were left alone, something of this effect was obtained.

It was difficult at the start, however, to plunge oneself into the mysticism of the occasion when, by turning the eyes slightly to the left, Mr. Duncan himself could be seen in the wings, dressed in modern outing costume, following the progress of the play from the script, joined now and again by a man in shirt-sleeves who seemed to be doing absolutely nothing. You couldn't get very creepy with such comforting evidences of civilization close at hand.



CONSIDERED as drama "Taboo" has little or nothing to recommend it, especially with the memory of "The Emperor Jones" still fresh in mind. Considered as an opportunity for Negro actors to show what they can do it has possibilities, but is hardly a happy choice for this purpose, showing, as it does, the Negro entirely as a primitive animal, giving expression to himself only in orgiastic community, leapings and shriekings, and to all intents and purposes incapable of anything of more value to the state. A note on the program says that "superstition among the intelligent and advanced Negroes of this country is as much derided by them as by the white people, but it will be in future years an interesting study of the development of their race to realize the intensity of fear with which this last remnant of the fetish worship of the jungles of Africa held sway for so many generations over the imagination of the colored people in this country."

Unfortunately this paragraph comes in the middle of an author's preface and bibliography so dull that it is doubtful if more than three people read it at all. I didn't read it myself until just now when I copied it out to fill this page.

Robert C. Benchley.

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Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Back to Methuselah. *Garrick*.—The longest play you ever saw.

The Bat. *Morasco*.—A crime wave all by itself.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker*.—More fun than you have had since you skipped school to see "The Jaws of Death."

The Cat and the Canary. *National*.—Three thrills to the minute and innumerable creeps.

The First Fifty Years. *Princess*.—Showing that if you can get through fifty years of married life you can get through anything.

The Green Ring. *Neighborhood*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Hairy Ape. *Plymouth*.—A gigantic conception of Eugene O'Neill's given excellent execution.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton*.—A tragedy from the Russian of Andreyev containing much that is really beautiful.

The Hindu. *Comedy*.—Oriental melodrama containing Occidental tricks.

The Law Breaker. *Klaw*.—All right if William Courtenay is worth it to you.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic*.—A lot of truck made into a crook play of surprising interest, ably assisted by good acting.

Montmartre. *Belmont*.—French adaptation of medium merit.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's*.—Laurette Taylor in a two-hour sermon on drinking and dancing.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*.—An excellent cast in a splendid play.

The Pigeon. *Frazee*.—Pleasant philosophizing by Mr. Galsworthy.

Your Woman and Mine. *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—Hardly worth dressing up for.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort*.—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in delightful burlesque.

The Czarina. *Empire*.—One or two of the love affairs of Catharine of Russia made amusing and instructive by Doris Keane.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge*.—A lot of people seem to like it, which may be one of the reasons why democracy has its flaws as a form of government.

The Dover Road. *Bijou*.—Charming English comedy, with Charles Cherry in the leading rôle.

The First Year. *Little*.—American middle-class home-life making American dramatic history.

The French Doll. *Lyceum*.—An ordinary play very well acted by Irene Bordoni and some real French people.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric in a remarkable characterization of a Parisian chorus-girl.

Madeleine and the Movies. *Gaiety*.—George M. Cohan and daughter in a swift-moving entertainment consisting of nothing much.

The Rubicon. *Hudson*.—Quarterly-hour commiques from the bedroom of French newly-weds.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—Ernest Truex and June Walker showing in hilarious fashion how hard it is to go straight in the suburbs.

To the Ladies! *Liberty*.—A good home-folks play interspersed with moments of gorgeous satire and an incomparable banquet scene.

The Truth About Blayds. *Booth*.—By the author of "The Dover Road" and "Mr. Pim," in more sensible mood but none the less enjoyable.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse*.—Regulation drama of the old school dealing with the sins of the new.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—The best music in town. Ask Franz Schubert.

The Blue Kitten. *Schwyn*.—Joseph Cawthorn in a typical musical show.

The Blushing Bride. *Astor*.—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*.—Russian entertainers in old-time vaudeville which you should see if you want to be anybody at all in cultural circles.

For Goodness Sake. *Lyric*.—The dancing Astaires make it worth something.

Good Morning Dearie. *Globe*.—An excellent combination of singing and dancing.

The Hotel Mouse. *Shubert*.—The book isn't much, but there is Frances White.

Just Because. *Earl Carroll*.—Terrible.

Letty Pepper. *Vanderbilt*.—To be reviewed next week.

Make It Snappy. *Winter Garden*.—To be reviewed later.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst*.—Very nice indeed, what with Peggy Wood's singing and Mary Hay's dancing.

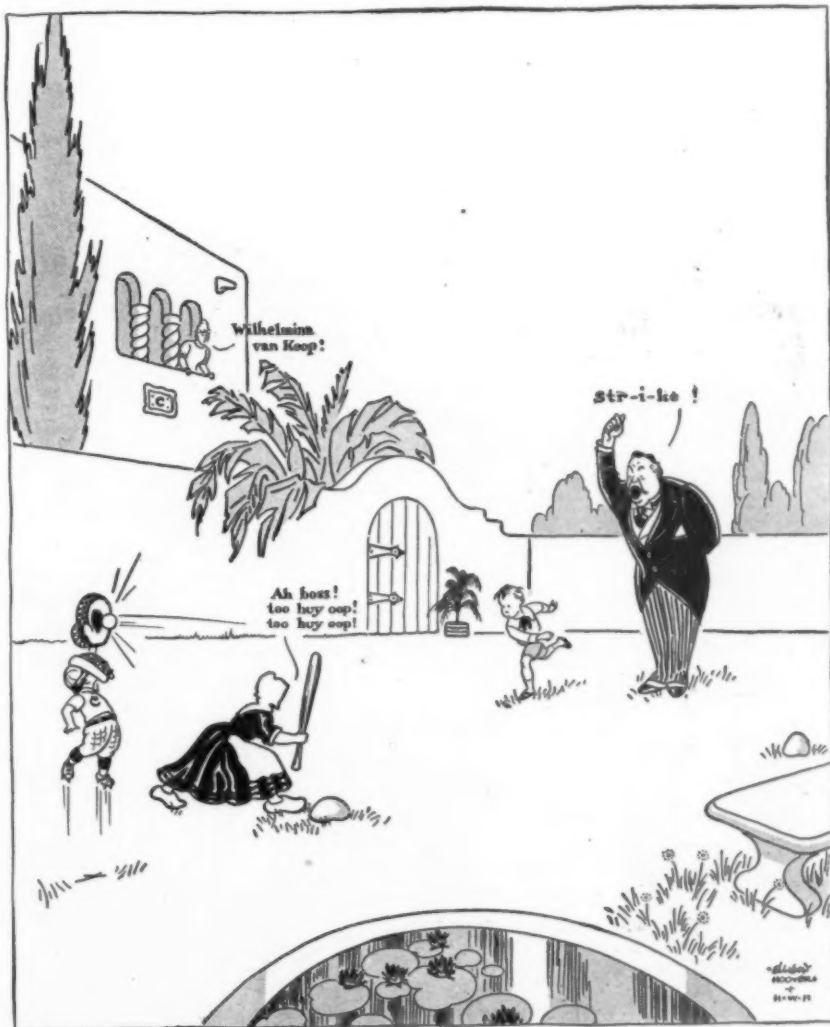
The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—Expensive but almost worth it.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's*.—Ed Wynn in a great deal of terribly funny trouble.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century*.—It is advertised as "the peer of all musical productions." Let that stand.

Sally. *New Amsterdam*.—What do you think? the last week!

Tangerine. *Casino*.—Julia Sanderson fluttering about in a good show.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 33. The Cudahys persuade their Dutch cleansing woman to join in a game of one o' cat.

Airy Fairytales

Rapunzel, Or the Girl with the Beautiful Hair

Henry William Hanemann

WHEN Rapunzel's picture appeared in *Débutante's World*, a handsome young Prince—or Princeton man, rather, promptly fell in love with it. There she sat, her beautiful long golden hair streaming down and twining its silky tendrils about his heart. He loved long hair. It was hereditary. His father and six uncles had all been infatuated with the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

For a long time he pondered just how he could meet her. To find a common friend and be properly introduced was impossible. First of all, he was a Princeton man. They do things differently.

That was the reason he appeared night after night under Rapunzel's window, singing to the accompaniment of a banjo-ukulele a song that he had composed himself.

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there,"

he sang. It wasn't a very good song, but his heart was in his work. So much so, that the neighbors complained to Rapunzel's father and mother.

Rapunzel, herself, never heard him. Being prone to the festive foolishness, it was her usual custom to sneak down the back stairs every evening, to return only long, long after midnight.

It was Fate, or something very much like it, that caused the beautiful young girl to return one morning, earlier than her wont. She heard a strange moaning outside her window. It was the Princeton man, singing his praise of her long, long hair. How his Brooks' suit glistened in the moonlight!

"Well, for the love of horseradish!"

exclaimed Rapunzel, having been well educated. "What's troubling you?"

"Ah, Rapunzel," breathed the Princeton man, who was the soul of poetry, "I love you. I love you madly." And he raised his banjo-ukulele and sang:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there."

"Of all the cast-iron nerve!" exclaimed Rapunzel, terribly pleased. "That's awful. Sing it again."

He sang it again. And then he said, "Ah, Rapunzel," he said, "night after night I have come under your window to tell you my praise of your beautiful, long, long hair. I have sung it wistfully, proudly, passionately. I have sung it softly and at the full extent of my lungs. And now I shall sing it just once more, for I see the milkman coming in the distance."

And the Princeton man raised his banjo and sang for the last time:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there."

"Oh," said Rapunzel, indignantly, "do you think I'm a back number? You poor fish, for the past three weeks my hair has been bobbed!"

All his life, the milkman could never make out how the banjo-ukulele got into his favorite, brand-new milk can.

Maxims

MEN soon forget.
A vow, a sigh,
And to another bloom
They fly.

While women will
Slaves ever be
To the fragrance
Of a memory.

She who is wise,
If wise is she,
Keeps wisdom
In obscurity.

For rather suffer
Euclid from the rose
Would any man
Than hear what woman knows.

R. L. J.



The Boy: Now how'd she find out I got a dime in my pocket?



"Mamma! Will you make Freddie stop? He asks God to bless me, then he says things under his breath."

The American Humorist's Creed

I Believe:

That married men invariably detest their mothers-in-law.

* * *

That all doctors wear beards.

* * *

That a collar button, when dropped, is sure to roll under the bureau.

* * *

That every old lady is nearsighted.

* * *

That a marriage between an American heiress and a foreign nobleman is bound to end unhappily.

* * *

That all reformers are solemn-visaged, lantern-jawed fellows, wearing funereal high hats, Prince Albert coats, white cotton gloves and white wash ties.

* * *

That there is no limit to the humorous possibilities in Ford cars.

* * *

That all Englishmen are dull-witted; all Russians are dirty and unshaven; all Chinamen are in the laundry business; all Negroes are lazy, and all Spaniards are unusually passionate.

* * *

That a blind beggar is always ready to step out of his rôle long enough to take a squint at every pretty, short-skirted woman who passes by.

* * *

That all golfers are liars.



Fair Slummer: Will you please tell me where I can find the misery that I have heard so much about?

Slum Wag: We're out of misery just now, kind lady, but we expect a new supply soon.

THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Green Temptation"

THE title rôle in "The Green Temptation" is played by a huge emerald. It is continually being sought after by a gang of desperate crooks; who are lured on and on by its enticing sparkle.

During the course of the chase, Betty Compson, who is the heroine of the piece, appears first as an Apache pickpocket, then as an idol of the Folies Bergère, then as an angelic Red Cross nurse at the battle front, and finally as an instructress in a New York dancing school. During the war scenes, Miss Compson displays that amazing faculty, common to all Red Cross nurses in the movies, of being able to find any of her wounded soldier friends at any given time. She has three lovers, one in the British, one in the French and one in the American army, and she stumbles upon them all, just when they need her most.

"The Green Temptation" has its good moments—particularly those provided by the expressive Theodore Kosloff—but its story is decidedly weak, and the picture, as a whole, must be listed as a miss.

"Cold Feet"

THE little Christie Comedy, "Cold Feet," is offered as an antidote to those who are just a bit fed up with those rugged, red-blooded tales of the Great Canadian Northwest that James Oliver Curwood

turns out on schedule time every year. It is an extremely amusing burlesque, with Indian guides, villains, Mounted Policemen and wolves ranting around in the snow.

The fact that the movies are learning how to kid themselves, provides definite indication that the great reformation is at hand.

"The Sin Flood"

IF I had seen Henning Berger's play, "The Deluge," as it was produced on the stage, I should probably be able

to write a nicely caustic criticism of its screen version, "The Sin Flood." But I did not, and so I must judge the film on its merits as a motion picture, and not as an adaptation of a play.

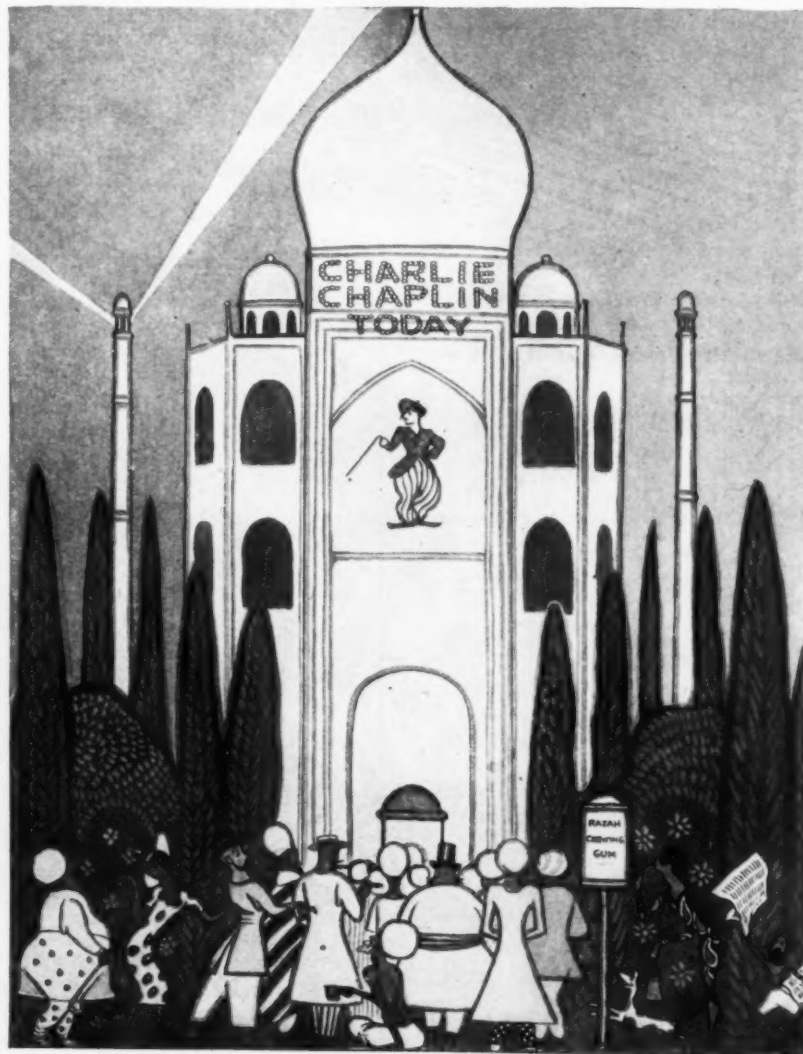
Viewed in this light, its merits are many. It is a remarkably fine production, well directed, exceptionally well acted, and based on a story that offers great dramatic possibilities. The scene is a saloon in a Mississippi River town. A dam bursts, and the waters sweep through the streets, imprisoning in this saloon a varied assortment of people. They realize that they have but a few

hours to live, and so they cast off their petty hypocrisies and unite in a beautiful brotherhood of death, ready, for the first time in their lives, to meet the inevitable cleanly.

But then the waters recede. It has been a false alarm, and the terrific tension of the night is relieved. So they promptly forget their noble resolves, cast aside the hastily assumed mantles of purity, and return to the characteristic meanness of their everyday existence.

Frank Lloyd directed "The Sin Flood" with unexpected skill, and his ideas are carried out intelligently by a splendid cast. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick are both good, and James Kirkwood brings tremendous force to the rôle of a fallen preacher who sold his honor and his faith for a pint bottle of Old Taylor Rye.

R. E. Sherwood

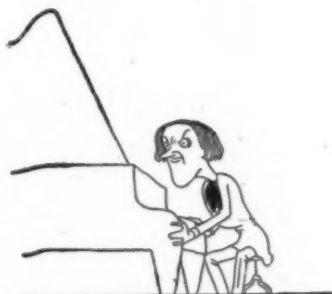


The World To-morrow

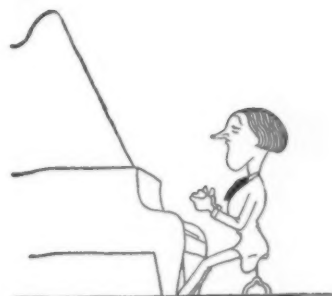
The Taj Mahal Motion Picture Palace—Main Street—Agra, India



The late arrival



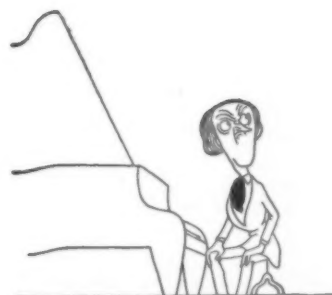
The sneeze



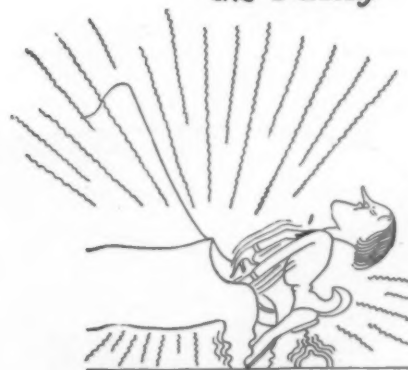
The dropping of a program



The cough



The whisper in the balcony



The concerto

Noise



He Gives People the Willies

Her Principles

WHEN she was eighteen she was tempted frequently and frequently resisted temptation.

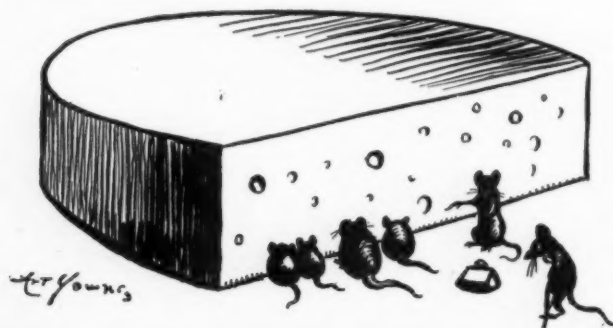
When she was twenty-eight she was tempted occasionally and occasionally resisted temptation.

When she was thirty-eight she was tempted seldom and seldom resisted temptation.

And when she was forty-eight she wished for temptation and—continued to wish.

Next!

NEXT t' th' feller that has suddenly resigned from a lucrative position, or who wants t' sell out on account o' failin' health, th' worst liar we know of since th' days o' th' feller that had a family horse t' sell is th' liar that points t' his car an' says, "Ther's a little boat that's gone fifty-five thousand miles an' she's never had a wrench on her."—*Kin Hubbard.*



A Trip to the Holy Land

The Soul of Wit

I HEARD the funniest joke today. Really, Frank, you'll explode over it. I did. People stared at me as though I were some sort of freak, but I couldn't stop laughing to save my soul. I was convulsed. Carry told me. She has a new set of furs. Silver fox. Stunning. Fred gave them to her. Birthday, you know. Some women are so fortunate. And a Pom. Oh! The darlinest little creature. I adore it. It has such an air. Not quite blasé, but indifferent, aristocratic. Not at all moved by anything commonplace. Carry said that when her uncle called, the professor, you know—Isn't it strange that man never made anything of himself? Disgracefully poor. Anyway, when he called the Pom was bored stiff. Sniffed audibly several times. Discernment, you see.

Let me see. What was I saying? Oh, yes. The joke. So witty. You'll collapse when you hear it. Well, there were two Scotchmen and they passed a post office. By the way, did you mail the letters I gave you this morning? They were important. One of them had a check for Céleste and you know how independent that woman is. Sues if you let your bills run even six months. That sort of person has no sense of delicacy about monetary matters. I'd drop her in a minute if she didn't make the only wearable gowns in town. That reminds me. I must order some tomorrow. I haven't a decent stitch.

Well, the first Scot said to his friend, "Wait a minute, Jock." Funny, that all Scotchmen are named Jock, isn't it? He said, "Wait a minute, Jock, I've got to write a letter." And the friend said, "Are you going to write it in the post office?" as if anyone would. Imagine trying to answer your correspondence in such a place. It takes me hours and hours to think of what to say, and then I always have a splitting headache when I've finished. And you know what my headaches are. Frightful. That's why I dread letter writing. And then the first Scot answered, indignantly, "Of course not. I'm going to write my letters at home, but my fountain pen's dry and I have to fill it." Isn't that the funniest thing ever? I think the Scotch are so witty. So dry. Don't you?

James K. McGuinness.

The Golfer's Lullaby

SLEEP, little one, Father watches o'er thee;
Thy bed's a good lie, thy pillow's a tee,
And thou, a wee ball all brambled and white,
Shalt sail through the air on a magical flight.
Hush-a-bye, little one, lie still, and so
Straight down the fairway of Sleep shalt thou go.
But if thou dost toss and dost turn in thy bed
Thou wilt go into the Rough then, instead;
And Father will hunt for thee all the night through
Down courses in Dreamland, through grasses and dew—
High grass of bad dreams and bunkers of tears,
Wide fields of wakefulness, sand-pits of fears;
He will hunt through the dangerous dim Out-of-Bounds
(Where a dark phantom Bogey lives, haunting the grounds)
But never will come on his little lost ball
Because it would never lie quiet at all!
So hush-a-bye, little one, lie still, and so
Straight down the fairway of Sleep shalt thou go.

Evelyn Lawson.

MOTORIST: How far is it to the next village by the State Road?

NATIVE: About four detours.



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The Glory That Was Greece

Mr. Alfred Noyes tells that when in America he heard a Chicago girl give the following criticism of a famous work of art:

"The Venus of Milo," she said, "is terribly early Victorian."

—*London Morning Post.*

Unnecessary Regrets

SHE (at her mirror): Oh dear, who would think it—I'm approaching thirty.

HER FRIEND: Patience, my dear; from now on you'll start getting farther away from it.—*Le Rire (Paris).*

Up-to-the-Minute

"Are your new neighbors modern people?"

"Modern? Say, they sent in last night to borrow our radio set!"

—*Buffalo Express.*

EFFICIENCY is the art of spending nine-tenths of your time making out reports that somebody thinks he is going to read but never does.—*Kansas Industrialist.*



AIRY PERSIFLAGE

She: To me you are an inspiration!

He: Do you mean to say, dear lady, you cannot breathe without me?

—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

Limiting Ambition

One of Pasadena's society girls has a marked talent for art. She studied in Paris, and last year one of her pictures got into the Salon. This is all very well—but—

Said her mother the other day to a well-known landscape painter of Southern California:

"I don't at all object to dear Dorothy's painting, but I don't want her to neglect her social duties for it. If she paints one masterpiece a year, that's quite enough, I think."—*Laguna Life.*

Short Pants

"Sammy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for chasing your Grandpa around like that. Don't you know he is short of breath?"

"Short of breath nothin'. He's breathin' more than I am."—*Columbia Jester.*

Genius Will Out

Mr. Zarah Pritchard, who wanted to paint a picture, was placed in a diver's suit and lowered to the bottom of the sea. If we know these artists at all, we are certain that he broke away and did it after all.

—*Punch.*

THE great mystery of the used automobile: How much, by whom, how?

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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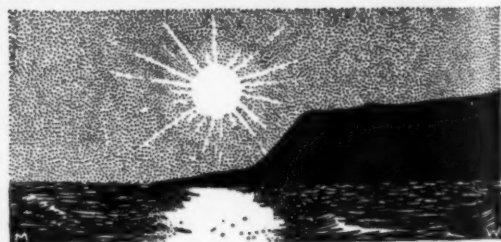
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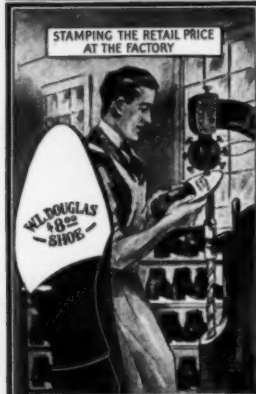
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Ode to Spring—and All That

Er—Spring!

You perfectly priceless old thing!
I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees;

The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;
The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot;
It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it not?
It's so fearfully bright;

So amazingly right,
And one feels as one feels if one got rather tight.

There's a tang in the air,
If you know what I mean,
And the grass, as it were,
Is so frightfully green.

We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing—
Er—Spring.

Old fruit!

You've given old Winter the boot.
The voice of the tailor is heard in the land
(I wonder what my rotten credit will stand?),

And the birds and the flow'rs (but especially the "birds")
Will be looking too perfectly priceless for words.

We shall have to get stocks
Of new ties and new socks,
And of course we must alter the jolly old clocks;

So a young fellow's fancy
Turns nat'rally towards
The river and Nancie,
Or Betty and Lord's.
In fact—as I said—you're a priceless old thing—
Er—Spring.

Old bean!

It's—well, it's—you know what I mean.
It's time I was oiling the jolly old bat.
So, cutting a long story short, and all that,
The theme of this jolly old song that I sing

Is—er—jolly old Spring!
—Desmond Carter, in *London Opinion*.

A Broadway Success

"Rotten," said the critic.
"Deficient in spirit and technique," said the artist.

"Inexcusably vulgar," said the preacher.
"Without ideals or realism," said the philosopher.

"Precisely," said the producer. And the show was the hit of the season.

—Princeton Tiger.

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One small boy looked doubtful.
"Wouldn't you like to see everybody treat everybody else with kindness?" the teacher inquired.

After a moment's reflection the boy answered:

"Then there wouldn't be any more Mutt and Jeff pictures."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Evolution: Saluting an Officer

Alexander, addressing his troops before the walls of Thebes, proclaimed:

"And remember, men, when you fall flat on your faces before ME, it is not a mark of humility or degradation: it is simply a soldierly greeting."

Somewhat, that line sounds vaguely familiar.—*American Legion Weekly*.

No Flapper

"Is Sue a good girl?"

"Is she? Boy, she's so innocent she thinks Scott Fitzgerald's 'The Beautiful and Damned' is a picture of a river!"

—Texas Scalper.

The Theatre of To-morrow And To-morrow and To-morrow

(Continued from page 12)

"IN GARLIC TIME"

Play with music in two acts, founded upon incidents in the lives of Leo Ornstein and Louis Hirsch, music by Jascha Blumberg, Sascha Gittleman, Mischa Rashkind and Toscha Ganevas, arranged by Frank Sadler, book and lyrics by Max Marcin and Samuel Shipman, produced by the Iron Dike and Land Reclamation Company of Kearney, N. J., at Kessler's 42nd Street Theatre, New York, February 30, 1973.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leo Ornstein.....	Sam Ash
Louis Hirsch.....	O. P. Heggie
Henry Ford.....	Jacob Adler
Lee Shubert and J. J. Shubert	
	Van & Schenck
A. H. Woods.....	E. H. Sothorn
Abraham L. Erlanger	
	John Cumberland
Babette.....	Judith Dawn
Mitzi	
Fritzi	
Gitzi	
Kitchi	
Kitchi	
Suzanne	
Diane	
Helene	
Vivianne	
Georgette	
Maxine	
Lem, a Native Chief..	Mr. Louis Mann

The Pender Troupe
The Six Bounding Ginsburgs

SYNOPSIS: Act I—Courtyard of the Palace of the Amcer. Act II—Promenade des Anglais in front of the Palais de la Jetée Promenade, Nice. Staged by Arthur Hopkins. Shoes by I. Miller.

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nade des Anglais in front of the Palais de la Jetée Promenade, Nice. Staged by Arthur Hopkins. Shoes by I. Miller.

Inez Cerveza, a little Mexican girl brought up by an American rancher in Mexico, looks enough like Margaret Van Rensselaer, a rich young society woman, to be her twin sister and agrees to impersonate Miss Van Rensselaer during the latter's absence and help "Snap" Mullane recover the missing 5% Treasury Certificates which are hidden in a secret panel in the Van Rensselaer house. The scheme works and the neglected husband is brought to terms. Meanwhile the doctor has fallen desperately in love with Lydia, after which Billy and Hope discover their true love for each other and the cause of the humorous mixups is made clear. At the end of the play, Ornstein is reconciled to Louis Hirsch and as the curtain falls, the combined strains of Ornstein's celebrated *Vache Qui Meurt* Etude Opus 4830 and *Vamp a Little Lady* are heard, played on a Chickering Ampico by permission of the Aeolian Company.

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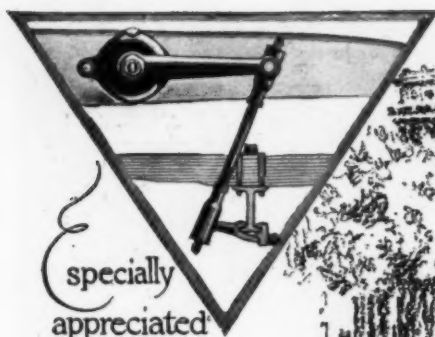
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Aunt Mandy's Code

In Georgia they tell of the old black cook who was horrified to discover that one of the young negroes, a helper in the kitchen, had been caught stealing.

"Now," said Aunt Mandy, "I don't believe in stealin'. I never takes nothin', 'cept it's something to eat, or somethin' to wear, or somethin' what I thinks de missus don't want, or somethin' de boss is got too blind to miss!"—*Harper's*.

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The "Educational" Zoo

A friend asked me to accompany him to the zoo on a Sunday afternoon. Much against my wishes, I went. Urged by a desire to know what people really think who stand before the cages, staring at the helpless victims within, I sauntered quietly from one group to another, listening to their comments. The following are a few of the remarks overheard:

"The lion doesn't look much like the king of beasts; he seems cowed to death."

"Oh, look at the monkeys; they look so sad—like heartbroken old men. Isn't it comical?" (Business of laughing.)

"Wouldn't his skin make a lovely coat?"

"Gee! what a dandy shot! I wish they allowed you to kill things in here."

"Mother, that old bear looks sad. Is he sorry about something?"

"Oh no, dear, that is his natural expression. Animals have no feelings."

"Oh, Edward, look at Margie. She is trying to cut off the end of that monkey's tail. Isn't she the cutest thing?"

"I've always thought a panther was a ferocious beast, but this one doesn't seem to have spirit enough to lick a poodle dog."

Little girl feeding peanuts to a monkey: "Daddy, if we come out next Sunday, will he remember me?"

"Certainly not; monkeys have no minds or memories."


—D. L. W., in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Johnny's History

WHY wait until the fighting tops of our last condemned battleship sink beneath the waves before going through little Johnny's school history with a fine-tooth comb and disarming that too? For in its dog-eared pages still lurk, like submarines beneath the peaceful seas of commerce, phrases of rude seamen that are sadly out of joint with the times. When we bent over the scarred pine desk in the little old red schoolhouse at the crossroads, those phrases, we admit with shame, thrilled us as we read them, but now we tremble at the sinister thought that little Johnny's eyes may rest on them to-morrow unless we act quickly and ruthlessly.

For we must remember that little Johnny is not so well versed as we in the noble issues of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. To him the Big Three were Harvard, Yale and Princeton, and when France came into the compact the Big Four were Tyrus Cobb, Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby and Tris Speaker. And it should be done tactfully, too, if we hope to rob little Johnny of the thrill that was ours when we first read that Captain Lawrence, dying on the deck of the ill-fated Chesapeake in the fight with the Shannon, raised his mangled body and shouted out the order: "Don't give up the ship!"

Then there is the horrible example of one John Paul Jones. With the Bon Homme Richard leaking from the fire of the Serapis and the Alliance, half of his crew dead or wounded, the decks swarming with mutinous prisoners and but three guns fit to fire, that piratical hero bellowed back in answer to the de-



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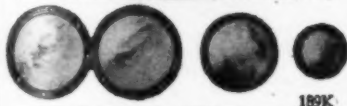


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three decades later. When the Spanish ships came within close range of his flagship, instead of signaling them to come aboard for tea and muffins, he is reported to have turned coldly to Captain Gridley of the Olympia. "You may fire when ready, Gridley!" was the repellent command that he gave his unhappy subordinate. The effect of these cruel words on little Johnny can better be imagined than described.

Yet when our work of deletion is completed there should remain the noble sentiment of one sea captain to be printed in little Johnny's history in type of gold. For of all the historic sayings of American sea captains it alone is in perfect harmony

with this glad era of naval disarmament.

It was in that infamous fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere when a shot from the Constitution brought the Britisher's mizzenmast down. Captain Hull, noting the crash, shouted to his men: "Hurrah, boys; we've made a brig of her!" A modest beginning that, yet worthy of comparison with the scrapping of a squadron of battleships in these days, and so spontaneous a contribution to the limitation of the armament of His British Majesty's naval forces that we shall have saved for little Johnny at least one honest thrill when he takes up his disarmed American history.

Frank E. Evans.

Prostatic and Bladder Disorders

What a Noted Medical Authority Prescribes:

"The drinking of considerable volumes of Paradise Water," he says, "is of value in inflammations of the bladder and prostate, because it tends to wash out the bladder and prostatic orifices, getting rid of many bacteria, also pus and other products of inflammation. It gives organisms less time to develop in the urine and on the mucosal surfaces. The action of Paradise Water here would have about the same effect as the bathing of any wound or inflamed surface.

"Paradise Water is especially beneficial in Bladder Disorders because it contains practically none of the calcium and magnesium salts so abundant in hard waters. Calcium and magnesium are what result in urinary stones.

"In Pyelitis (inflammation of the pelvis of the kidney,) the liberal use of Paradise Water is also of great value.

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mand for his surrender: "I have just begun to fight!" Surely we do not want to see little Johnny grow up to be a pirate and echo such shocking sentiments. Far better that he should be a Wall Street power or a millionaire bootlegger.

More than fifty years later it was an American admiral, David Farragut, who made that naughty remark at Mobile Bay—"Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!" Little Johnny is sure to stumble on that bit of inexcusable profanity unless, like William Jennings Bryan, he skips a lot of his American history.

It was association in his impressionable youth with Admiral Farragut that inspired still another quarrelsome seaman, George Dewey, to act with such boorish disregard of the fine sensibilities of the Spanish Dons at Manila Bay



The Mistress: They can't put anything over on me, just because I'm a new-rich. I know 'em, them hussies of cooks—wasn't I one meself?
—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



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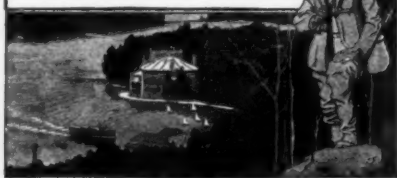
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The Shavian Faith

Gilbert K. Chesterton's characteristic amenity in his phrase "the Radical Snail," meaning Bernard Shaw, recalls to the writer of a letter in the *New York Times* the saying of Israel Zangwill about Shaw: "The way he believes in himself is very refreshing in these atheistic days, when so many men believe in no God at all."

—*Christian Register*.

The Practical Salesman

"That fellow knows nothing of scientific salesmanship and his approach is poor."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"For the mere reason that he gets the business."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Rhymed Reviews

His Serene Highness

By H. C. Bailey

E. P. Dutton & Co.

"LET'S take the good old Zenda clay,"
Low laughs our sculptor, H. C. Bailey,
"But work it up a better way!"—
And sets about his molding, gaily.

He even names the hero "Hope"—
Not "Anthony" (the saucy fellow!),
But "Christopher,"—a man to cope
With any task, serenely mellow.

Because he's like a certain prince,—
A slothful person, much inept,—
That slacker's partisans evince
A wish to give our man the sceptre.

Constrained to run the realm of Salm,
He takes the job, though most unwilling,
And saves the land by keeping calm
And never doing any killing.

By tact and sense he gains his ends;
Through courtesy and moral suasion
He changes all his foes to friends
And turns to jest an armed invasion.

So, when he seeks to ride beyond
The hills and trusts they'll soon forget him,
The Salmians and Cunégonde,
Their lovely duchess, just won't let him.

The jacket hints, with doubtful taste,
Of clash of swords and deeds of slaughter.
Why advertise as first-class paste
A diamond of purest water?

Romance is back! oh, joy! oh, bliss!
Away with highbrow dogmatism!
There's far more fun and truth in this
Than lots of so-called Realism.
Arthur Guiterman.



A Martyr to Art

"He ate something in the Louvre
museum restaurant."

"Then he must have painter's colic."
—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

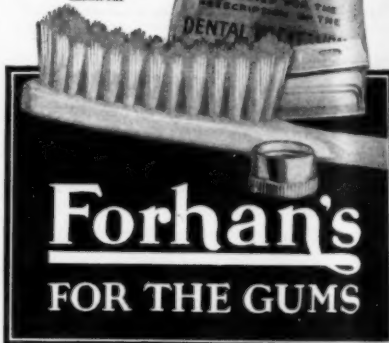
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

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